

Microcosm

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STAFF

Advisor	Edna Earle Crews
Art Advisor.....	Tom Ross
Michael Cupit	A. D. Dunaway
Ann Heaton	Nick Norton
Marguerite Ogletree	Flavol Rester
Bill Sumrall	

Front Cover Design	David White
Back Cover Design	Johnny Thornton

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Silence

Silence is dusk,

Silence is dawn,

Silence is the heat

Rays of the sun.

Silence is a secret,

Silence is the wind,

Silence goes out and

slips back in.

Sing a song of silence,

no words, no rhyme,

Just sweet thoughts

in the silence of the mind.

— Lynda Collins

B. SMITH

Man Alone: A Character Sketch

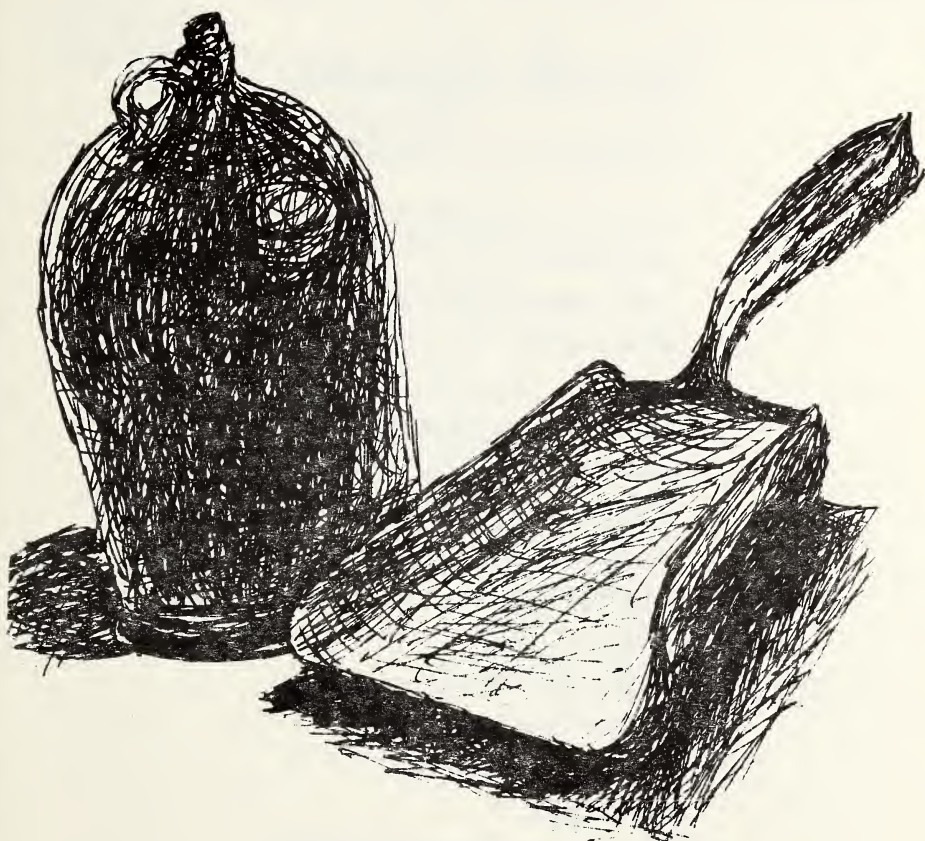
As I sit here in this old cluttered room, the pain of loneliness aches in my body. There is not enough room on the table for a plate. The table is filled with useless objects. My mind is a blank, and I feel tired. All I do now is sit around in my little, dingy room smoking cigarettes, drinking, and staring out of the window. I do not have any friends. I will be alone always. No one wants me. Where can I go? I have no place to go. This dark room blends with my personality. I feel that I am in the dark. I will stay here and suffer for no one cares. I do not have any expectations to live up to. I do not care for anything, nor anyone. I am getting old. Every thing I own is in this ragged, crowded, four-cornered room. I do not clean myself up as I once did. Wine bottles, salt and pepper shakers, the sugar bowl, and the ice bucket are on the table. What a terrible place to have such. Although I work with many people in a factory, they do not know or care who I am. I wear a mask to hide me from them.

You would not believe it, but I have received awards and plaques for outstanding achievement. One year a club of businessmen elected me for the Most Outstanding Man of the Year. Isn't that a laugh! I participated in all social activities, attended business meetings, dances, parties, annual festivities, but most of all, the barroom. I was a businessman until my character failed. I owned a small package store and a grocery store. After I closed the package store, I took the liquor to my shattered room; the groceries I left.

It wasn't long before my wife and daughter left me, since I stayed drunk. My wife could not live with me any longer. She took my little girl and they went away. My daughter occasionally sends me postcards. A few days ago, my daughter even sent me a large package. In the package was a picture of her and a new chambray shirt for me. I know she still loves me, but what good

is it doing me? She is in some unknown place, and I am in another. Maybe my wife still loves me, but I have not seen, nor heard from her since she left. My family's love for me is not any good. I wish they would come back to me. Perhaps then I could rid myself of these problems. I'll drink to their return.

—Maggie King



Bruce Bethley
Pen and Ink

Bruce Bethley
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Brenda Smith
Pen and Ink

Ezraville, Louisiana, Saturday Afternoon

Just fourteen broken down
old houses,
with people to live in them.
Slow walkin' old men, talkin',
sittin' on Coke cases, laughin'
under that old live oak,
down'n front of the store.
Fat old mama u'makin'
cornbread, for he'll be
right hungry after a day,
a haulin' wood.
Cajun girl's face in a mirror,
knowin' she looks good,
going all the way to,
Shreveport,
In the back of Bobby's daddy's
pick-up truck.

—A. D. Dunaway
22 Sept., 1973

The Free Birds

The day was growing darker still,
And hardly a sound could be heard.
Suddenly and without a frill
Came a small careless bird.

Hundreds quickly filled the sky.
Darting here and darting there,
Through the dusk they did fly,
As if they lived without a care.

Night was coming on,
And still they played,
With all their worries now gone,
In the new world they had made.

From the darkness came a deadly sound.
In answer, a tiny bird did fall.
Quickly not a single bird could be found;
Man had disturbed all.

—Dale Hall

Gatsby's Impossible Dream

To dream the impossible dream
To fight the unbeatable foe
To bear with unbearable sorrow
To run where the brave dare not go
To right the unrightable wrong
To love pure and chaste from afar
To try when your arms are too weary
To reach the unreachable star.

This is my quest
To follow that star
No matter how hopeless
No matter how far;
To fight for the right without question or pause
To be willing to march into hell for a heavenly cause
And I know, if I'll only be true
To this glorious quest, that my heart
will lie peaceful and calm
When I'm laid to my rest,
And the world will be better for this:
That one man, scorned and covered with scars
Still strove, with his last ounce of courage
To reach the unreachable stars.

"The Impossible Dream" by J. Darin and N. Leigh

To read these words of the popular theme from *The Man From La Mancha*, one would think that they are the words to just another song, but if he looks closely, he may see deep meaning behind mere words. Such words can reflect the life of many people. There is one person in particular whose life these words reflect. That person is Jay Gatsby in *The Great Gatsby* by F. Scott Fitzgerald. This song could very well have been the theme song for *The Great Gatsby* because the theme of the story is Jay Gatsby's dream -- the impossible dream.

From the war to the present, Jay loves Daisy and dreams of her all the time. His whole life is one big dream of Daisy. Jay thinks that Daisy married Tom only for his money, and because Jay was poor. Jay "fights the unbeatable foe" which is Tom, and does everything from throwing wild parties to buying dozens of shirts to impress Daisy. When he sees the green light on Daisy and Tom's dock, he "bears with unbearable sorrow" that Daisy is on the other side of the light with Tom.

Jay knows that it is wrong that he try to get Daisy from Tom now because they are married, but he

"runs where the brave dare not go" anyway, and tries to "right the unrightable wrong." He loves Daisy very much, but he loves "pure and chaste from afar." He tells Nick of his first kiss with Daisy, that he thinks of her as a star to bring down into his society, and that he has tried to "reach the unreachable star."

It is his quest to follow Daisy, his star, "no matter how hopeless, no matter how far." It seems so hopeless to him after she marries Tom, but he does not ever question whether or not he still wants her; he "fights for the right without question or pause." Jay is "willing to march into hell for a heavenly cause."

The afternoon that Jay, Daisy, Tom, Nick, and Jordan go into town, it is hot enough to be hell, and Jay actually does march into hell when he talks back to Tom, saying that Daisy does not love her husband. He marches into hell for his heavenly cause, his angel, Daisy. Jay is "true to his glorious quest" to the very end. He is "peaceful and calm when he is laid to his rest" because he is sure Daisy loves him.

The words of the song do correspond with *The Great Gatsby* because it is about Jay's impossible dream. When Jay dies, he is satisfied with himself. He has striven "with his last ounce of courage to reach the unreachable star."

—Cynthia Hammack

For C.B. & Me

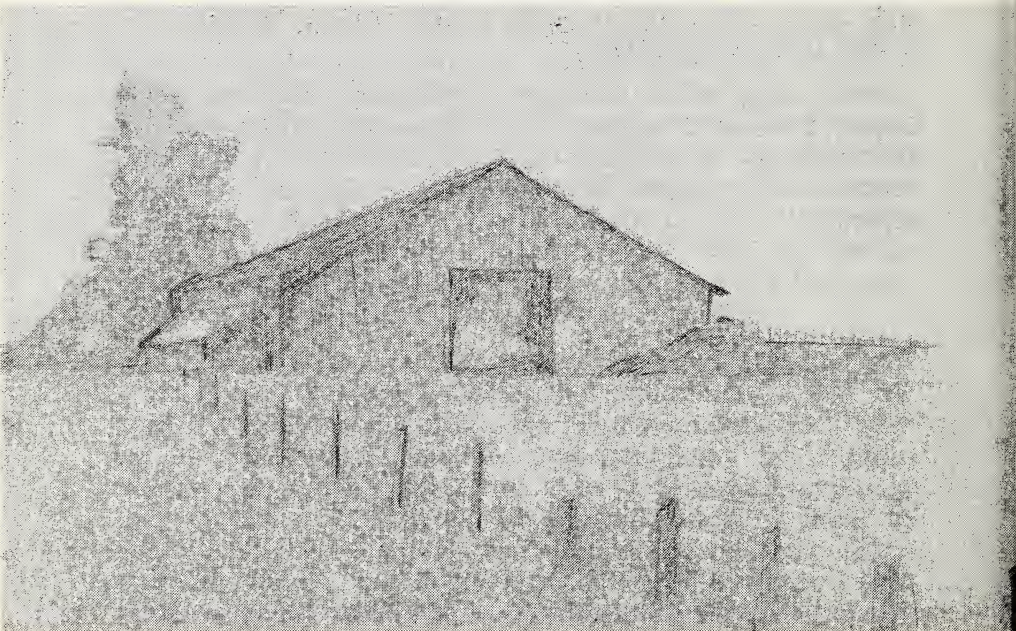
As a ship headed
for open sea
need not
anchored be,
a man's
mind moving free,
must ever,
always be.

—A. D. Dunaway
8 Oct., 1973

With Sweet Scented Soap

I want to take lots of baths
in water warmed,
by a summer sun,
in a galvanized tub,
like the one
Daddy's mules drank from,
by the chinaberry trees,
so long ago.

—A. D. Dunaway
22 August, 1974



Jon Fuller
Pencil Drawing

An Analysis of "The Short and Happy Life Of Francis Macomber"

To the average reader, "The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber" may be a mere story of a rich man with a rich man's problems, going on a safari expedition. However, Hemingway does not mean this only as a pleasure story. The story has far more meaning than mere lion and buffalo hunts. This work may be interpreted in one of several ways. First, perhaps Hemingway is poking fun at the British government; maybe Wilson instead of Macomber, is the main character; or, perhaps it is a story of an initiation into manhood for Macomber.

At the time Hemingway wrote this story, England was undergoing various social problems. One particular law on the books stated that "no person shall be given inhumane treatment." Yet several instances record evidence that the law was being broken, even by the upper class people. One such example of this is that a child was beaten fifteen lashes for mere curiosity. Hemingway learned of this and on several occasions severely criticized the British government.

Thus, it stands to reason that Hemingway would indirectly satirized the British government through Wilson. Throughout the story, Wilson represents an unwitting hypocrite who harshly judges others on the basis of various strict and false codes that he himself does not follow.¹ William Bysshe Stein, a literary critic, says tht British imperialistic attitudes are being satirized through Wilson.² He cites several examples. First, we learn of Wilson's theory that one must be cruel to govern. Then we see divisions in what Wilson thinks and what he says. One event that shows this occurs as Macomber bolts at the moment the wounded lion charges. Afterward, he admits his cowardice and Wilson, in his mind, agrees with him. However, Wilson's words treat the incident lightly, as

though it were the only sensible thing to do. Wilson's thoughts and actions then appear to satirize the British government because of the division in thought and action.

Another example of this British satire appears in the last scene of the story. Margot has killed Francis, and Wilson is pounding her with sarcasm. After he has assured her that he believes it was an accident, he suddenly springs a trap on her. "Why didn't you poison him? That's the way they do in England." — another cut at the British government.³

To support the idea that Wilson is the main character, one must gather evidence that he portrays the ideal man. Primarily, the reader assumes Wilson is an excellent guide because Francis Macomber has hired him. This in itself tells us he is well qualified, because Macomber would have nothing less than the best. Next we learn of his bravery when he tells Macomber not to shoot from the jeep. Then we learn that he is an excellent marksman when he shoots the lion. To add to this list of good qualities, we see him as a lover. Wilson is then courageous, an excellent shot, and a lover: an ideal man. Perhaps Francis plays a minor role by trying to copy him.

Finally the story may be interpreted as an initiation into manhood. To support this analysis, many facts about the story may be presented. Actually, this is the most logical approach. Macomber's life is complicated by a marriage to a dominant woman and it is his awakening, his beginning to exist, that demands of her possessive complex that she shoot him lest she lose him.⁴ Events seem to go directly against Macomber from the beginning. At the opening of the flashback, Hemingway emphasizes Macomber's isolation with his fear. His wife sleeps, the lions roar, and Francis hears . . . alone.

After Macomber's unsuccessful try at the lion, his courage is broken down by a string of ominous details. First, his gun-bearer's fear affects him in a fearful way. Next, the lion is in a bad place because "you can't see him until you're right on him." The lion's dark blood scares him more, and last, the fact that it would be

“murderous” to send in beaters because they are “bound to get mauled.”⁵

Another major problem facing Macomber is that he has, in effect, lost authority over his wife. While under the tutelage of Wilson, he learns courage, honor, and to embrace the code of the safari hunter. He attains his manhood, which is not the same thing as losing his virginity or reaching his twenty-first birthday, as Wilson points out. When he attains this manhood, he regains the ithyphallic authority he had lost, and now his panicky wife must destroy him literally. Before he became a man, she had committed adultery almost in his presence, knowing him helpless to stop her.⁶

After Macomber reaches manhood, he would have left Margot. The story shows us the immature American boy-man who has been too long kept in ignorance by the civilizing Aunt Sally of American urban life. Suddenly, he is confronted by an occasion that constitutes reality and calls forth our essential moral natures. Then he achieves the difficult, the magnificent, and the all too rare manhood that only Hemingway's hunter hero and heroic lover can fully experience.⁷ When he becomes a man and she can no longer rule him, she sends a bullet to the back of his skull.⁸

Macomber's new birth apparently starts during the two hours he lies awake waiting for Margot to return from Wilson's tent. When she does, he says, “You think I'll take anything.” “You will, sweet.” “Well, I won't.” Maybe here he is on the verge of thinking everything is gone, so what the hell.⁹

The next day, perhaps he does not care. True existence has begun for him. It had birth pangs the night before when he waited for Margot in the darkness; and the Freudian implication of the dam bursting is of fertility, of sudden vitality where before there was only sterility. When this happens, Wilson is moved from a major character to an observer. He anticipates that Macomber's new attitude will mean the end of his cuckoldry. Immediately after Macomber suggests going in after the buffalo quickly, Margot turns white and goes

to sit in the shade. Wilson could tell by the way she talks that she is "very afraid of something." After she has shot Macomber, Wilson remarks, "That was a pretty thing to do. He would have left you too." The short happy life had come into true existence during the night and the courage before the buffalo had confirmed it. Margot had lost him; so, she killed him.¹⁰

Thus, we have a story which may be interpreted several different ways, according to the reader. After carefully analyzing "The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber," one can readily see that this is not a mere account of a safari experience. Whether one sees it as a satire of British government, Wilson as the ideal man, or as a story of Macomber's initiation into manhood - does not matter. What does matter is that the story delivers a message to the reader. That message, however interpreted, leaves a lasting impression on the reader and at the same time, makes one more aware of the talents of Ernest Hemingway.

—Michael Cupit

END NOTES

¹Jackson J. Benson, ed., *The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway: Critical Essays* (Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1975), p. 240.

²William Bysshe Stein, "Hemingway's 'the Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber'" in *The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway: Critical Essays*, ed., Jackson J. Benson (Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1975), p. 241.

³Stein.

⁴John Killinger, *Hemingway and the Dead Gods* (Lexington, Kentucky: The University of Kentucky Press, 1960), pp. 44-46.

⁵Stein, p. 242.

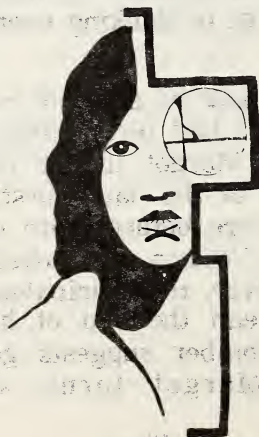
⁶Philip Young, *Ernest Hemingway - A Reconsideration* (University Park, Pennsylvania: The Pennsylvania State University Press, 1966), pp. 69-71.

⁷Author Mizener, *The Sense of Life in the American Novel* (Boston: the Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1963), pp. 223-226.

⁸Young, pp. 72-74.

⁹Killinger, p. 45.

¹⁰Killinger, p. 46.



**Brenda Smith
Pen and Ink**



Cry For The Limitations

I wake up at night
crying sometimes,
wanting to love you,
and hold you,
and smile at you,
knowing that I can't.

I ache to call out to you
and listen to your answer,
telling me
how much you love me,
how much you need me,
how much you want me;
but the echo of your name
rings throughout the house;
the sound is unbearable.

I must constantly remind myself
of the things
I have
to accept.

I must make myself know
that I can have you only sometimes;
that your laughter and warmth
and presence is only limited.

I must accept our limited love,
and I cry softly for the limitations.

—Vera Minor

Tone In "The Secret Sharer"

In "The Secret Sharer," Joseph Conrad employs a number of literary devices. Conrad's combination of these devices makes "The Secret Sharer" the excellent short story that it is. His use of point of view, characterization and setting are all overshadowed by the dominant device of tone throughout the story. It is the tone Conrad creates with these devices which provides for much of the isolation in the story.

For a point of view, Conrad uses the first-person narrative, with the captain of the ship as the narrator. The narrative is subjective and the author constantly dwells into the Captain's deepest inner thoughts and feelings. Conrad uses the Captain's inner thoughts to promote the feeling of isolation throughout the story. In the beginning, the Captain conveys to the reader that he is lost and lonely in his first command. What he feels most obviously is his being a stranger to the ship and crew, for all the crew members have been together for the past eighteen months and he must earn their friendship and respect. But the Captain admits to himself and the reader his real problem: he is a stranger to himself. He must not only prove himself to the crew but he must try to live up to his ideal conception of what a man should be. As the story ends, the Captain has proven his ability to take command and responsibility and be successful to both himself and the crew. The Captain's future seems much brighter and he also realizes that a Captain will always be a step off to the side from his crew. The tone at the end of the story leads the reader to believe that the Captain will be able to handle any future situations with competence.

Characterization is an important factor in the story. Another of the main characters is Leggatt, the Secret Sharer of the Captain's life. Leggatt is a man who sees what must be done and does it. Because the Captain has

no real friends on board he looks upon Leggatt as a much needed companion and regards him almost as his other self. The Captain identifies with Leggatt because they both have a problem with identity. But the difference in their missions is the Captain is seeking his identity while Leggatt is seeking to lose his. Conrad's characterizing the Captain and Leggatt as men who find a solution to their conflict by themselves supports his theme of isolation in the story and gives it the suspenseful tone which the title "The Secret Sharer" implies.

The setting of "The Secret Sharer" does much in establishing the tone of the story. From Conrad's descriptive opening paragraph, a picture of a lone ship anchored in water, on a clear, calm, windless night, with no sounds at all except the sound of silence, quickly sets the stage for the events of the story. Conrad places the Captain alone on a deck in a gray sleeping suit with all the other crew members below wondering about the Captain's sanity. Conrad creates a somber, quiet, and almost expectant tone. Through the setting Conrad prepares for the isolation of the story.

Thus, Conrad's use of point of view, characterization, and setting are all important in the structure of "The Secret Sharer," but all these are subjective to the dominant device of tone.

—Kim Adams



Bruce Bethley
Pen and Ink

Angel Of Death

The hospital matron sat solidly behind the admittance desk, reading William Golding's *The Lord of the Flies*, and munching an apple held delicately in her thick fist. Above her, the florescent light droned monotonously, bathing her snowy summit, craggy features, and mountainous figure in antiseptic brilliance. The soft squeak of shoes skimming across slick linoleum mingled with the mosquito-like droning. The matron looked up from printed page to see a young nurse approaching the waiting room entrance, which was guarded by a secret service agent.

"This way, please, Mr. President. Dr. Hoffman is ready for you now," said the nurse, timidly peeking into the waiting room. She watched as he rose, moving toward the examination room, the door held open by another secret service agent. "Sorry about the delay," she added, sweeping a wisp of blonde hair from chocolate eyes with the hand held last night by her boyfriend, who'd proposed marriage while drinking in the beauty of those eyes, "but with Dr. Brown's sudden death last night and your annual visit today . . ."

"I understand," the President answered tersely.

"Oh . . . I guess I shouldn't have said it so abruptly - I wasn't thinking. After all, he was your personal physician, and you were close friends . . ."

But the President brushed past her into the examination room without comment.

The door wheezed shut on an air piston hinge. The secret service agent stood outside, barring entrance. The young nurse smiled uncertainly at him, his mirrored sunglasses impassively returning her image. She squeaked over to the admittance desk, but the matron had returned to her reading, her commanding mien barring the young nurse commenting that she'd never heard of a Dr. Hoffman on the staff of the hospital before.

And the Commander-in-Chief was alone with Dr. Hoffman. The doctor, a small man who resembled Sigmund Freud at age 66, was standing at the far end of the room

with his back turned, arranging some scalpels on a dull stainless steel tray.

"Doctor, I'll come straight to the point. The real motive for my visit today is . . ."

"Please," interrupted Dr. Hoffman, "remove your coat and sit down."

The President complied. "Dr. Hoffman, as you know, Henry Brown was my private physician, but he was also a trusted friend. I could talk with him and ask his council on problems that I couldn't reveal even to my wife. Now I find myself in a desperate situation. I must tell someone. Henry's gone, so . . ."

" . . . so you come to me. I'm flattered, believe me." The doctor indifferently clipped a stethoscope around his neck, turned, and strode to the seated official.

The President started slightly when he saw Dr. Hoffman's face. "You look familiar, doctor. Have we met before?"

Dr. Hoffman smiled. "More compliments, Mr. President? Really, you needn't bother. Whatever you wish to unburden to me shall remain confidential. Between doctor and patient. And the deep blue sea, eh?"

The examination proceeded; the Chief Executive speaking urgently while Dr. Hoffman went through the routine of a medical check-up.

"Before I was elected President, while still on the campaign trail, I had a vision of an angel one night. He called himself the Angel of Death. If only I'd promise to be true to the people of the United States, not be a puppet for special interest groups, I would be elected President, he told me. But the price for this highest of offices was my life, which the angel could end at his discretion. the angel said that no matter what else happened, I would die - only when I would die was left completely in his hands. if I executed the people's business fairly, I wouldn't die in office. If I did the bidding of the special interest groups, working against the welfare of the majority, I'd be struck down immediately, without mercy.

"Now, I find I have a conflict of interests." The President paused.

"I see," said Dr. Hoffman.

"The Defense Department wants more money for 'chemical' research. Yet Congress just passed a bill appropriating monies for cancer research that needs either my signature or veto. The budget's tighter this year. It costs more money each year to run government, especially to keep up a strong defense. Besides there are riders on the cancer legislation that I don't personally approve of anyway. 'Chemical' research. Well, after all, we've got to stay ahead of the enemy any way we can, don't we? Well, don't we?"

"Yes, . . . the enemy."

"What should I do, doctor?"

"I'm afraid," said Dr. Hoffman in measured tones, "that you're a sick man, Mr. President. You seem to be a victim of a muscular corruption. The most important muscle in the human body is most affected by this malignancy."

A fly buzzed somewhere in the room.

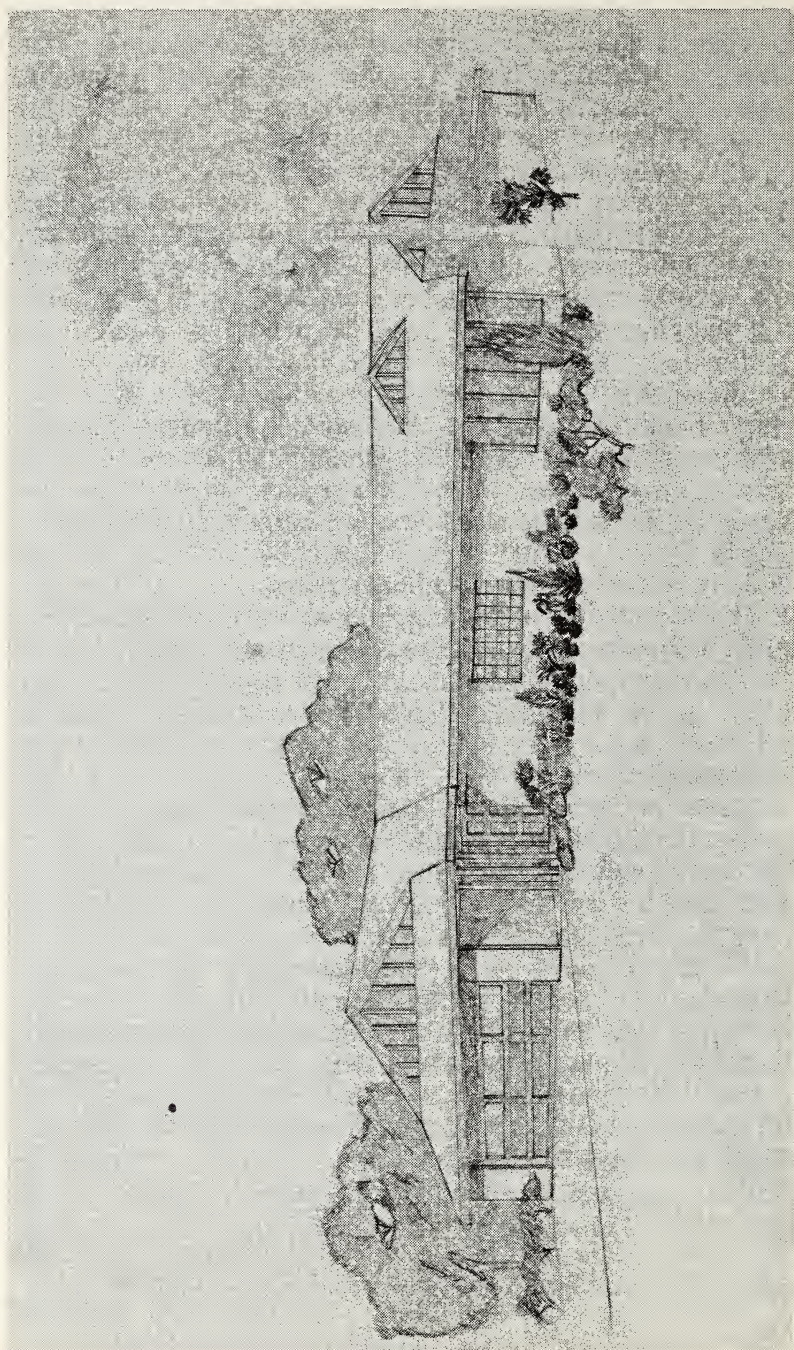
"Have you got something for it, doctor?" The President's voice was calm with resigned recognition.

"Tell me, Mr. President, did you really need my advice at all on what to do? Hadn't you already made up your mind as to what you were going to do before you even came in here?"

Three or four flies hummed in the silence of the examination room. Dr. Hoffman walked to a large cabinet dispensary nearby. He removed from its shelves a small bottle and a hypodermic syringe. Then he returned to where the President of the United States was seated.

"Kindly roll up your shirt sleeve. I believe your situation . . . I mean, condition, calls for this remedy." The doctor grinned slightly as he plunged the needle into the small bottle, watching the syringe suck up its contents.

"The Vice-President is a good man," said the President quietly, as Dr. Hoffman withdrew the needle from the small bottle labeled "strychnine."



Peter Mettis
Pencil Drawing

So Far Away

So far away from life,
So far away from death . . .
Where does the numbness come from?

Pain hurts the pride,
Pride hurts the soul . . .
Where does the emptiness come from?

Stars shine far away,
Light travels through space . . .
Yet what is there?

Feelings exist, feelings die . . .
Where does fantasy end and reality begin?

So far away from feeling,
So far away from touching . . .
Where does the numbness come from?

—Betty Ward

Together

The full pen,
the empty sheet,
the fertile mind,
a poem complete.

28 August 1973

Poet

Why pen I
lines of nonsense,
being nigh,
bare of contents.

After all
words, poetry or not,
are as but bottlenotes
cast upon
the sea of mentality.

28 August 1973

Writing

Love to think,
let thought flow
from mind
to hand,
to pen,
to paper
go.

5 August 1973

—A. D. Dunaway



microcosm

—Johnny Thornton
Pen and Ink